THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 16, 1806.

CHARACTER *of* AMBROSE ISTED, Esq.

[From Cumberland's Memoirs.]

AND here I must indulge myself in dilating on the character of one of my best friends, and best of men, Ambrose Isted, esq. of Ecton. Through every scene of my life, from my childhood to the lamented event of his death, which happened whilst I was in Spain, he was invariably kind, indulgent, and affectionate to me. I conceive there is not upon record one, who more perfectly fulfilled the true character of a country gentleman, in all its most respectable duties and departments, than did this exemplary person; nor will his name be forgotten in Northamptonshire so long as the memory or tradition of good deeds shall circulate, or gratitude be considered as a tribute due to the benevolent.

He was the pattern and very model of hospitality most worthy to be copied; for his family and affairs were administered and conducted with such measured liberality, such correct and wise economy, that the friend, who found nothing wanting, which could constitute his comforts, found nothing wastefully superfluous to occasion his regret. Though Mr. Isted's estate was not large, yet by the process of inclosure, and above all by his prudent and well-ordered management, it was augmented without extortion, and left in excellent condition to his son and heir. The benefits he conferred upon his poorer neighbours were of a nature far superior to the common acts of almsgiving (though these were not omitted), for in all their difficulties and embarrassments, he was their counsellor and adviser, not merely in his capacity of acting justice of the peace, but also from his legal knowledge and experience, which were

very considerable, and fully competent to all their uses; by which numbers, who might else have fallen under the talons of country attornies, were saved from pillage and beggary. With this gentleman my father acted as justice, and was united in friendship and in party, and to him he resorted upon all occasions, where the opinion and advice of a judicious friend were wanted.

Our families corresponded in the utmost harmony, and our interchange of visits was frequent and delightful. The house of Ecton was to me a second home, and the hospitable master of it a second father: his gaiety of heart, his suavity of temper, the interest he took in giving pleasure to his guests, and the fund of information he possessed in the stores of a well-furnished memory, and a lively animated genius, are ever fresh in my recollection, and I look back upon the days I have passed with him as some of the happiest in my life. For many years before his death, I saw this excellent man by intervals excruciated with a tormenting and incurable disease, which *laid* too deep and undiscoverable in his vitals to admit of any other relief than laudanum in large doses could at times administer: nothing but a soul serene and piously resigned as his was, could have borne itself up against a visitation at once so agonizing and so hopeless; a spirit however fortified by faith, and a conscience clear of reproach, can effect great things, and my heroic friend, through all his trials, smiled in the midst of sufferings, and submitted unrepining to his fate. One of the last letters he lived to write I received in Spain: I saw it was the effort of an exhausted frame, a generous zeal to send one parting testimony of his affection to me, and being at that time myself extremely ill, I was hardly in a capacity to dictate a reply.

On the Character of Napoleon I. Emperor of France.

[From Mr. Wilkes's Encyclopædia Londinensis, Vol. VII. Article France.]

THE character, the conduct, the military prowess, and active perseverance, of this extraordinary person, all contribute to mark him as a prodigy. From an obscure individual, of an equally obscure island, Corsica, he was sent for education, first to the school of Autun, and afterwards, at only ten years of age, to the military academy of Brienne. He was born on the 15th of August, 1769; his father was in the profession of the law; but to General Marbœuf, the French governor of Corsica, he owed his education, who patronized him from an infant, and assigned him to the army. In the earliest tumults

tumults of revolutionary warfare, he sought for employ; but was discountenanced and rejected, on account of his attachments to the politics of his countryman, General Paoli. Thus depressed in his first essay for military fame, he was living in indigence at a short distance from Toulon, when that city was seized by the English. Having the good fortune to be known to Salicetti, the deputy then on commission with the republican army, he got employed during the siege as chef de brigade; and from a distinguished combination of courage and talent, he contributed greatly to the recovery of the place. The cruelties which followed the surrender of the town, being afterwards imputed chiefly to his example, he was arrested at Nice, in 1794, as a terrorist, and sent to prison. As it was impossible to prosecute all the subordinate agents in these sanguinary scenes, he was at length released, and cast upon the town, in extreme penury, with a numerous train of companions in distress. But the resources of his mind rose superior to his misfortunes: he prevailed on Salicetti to recommend him to the notice of Barras, who gave him an appointment in the artillery, and employed him to quell the insurgents at Paris. His activity, discernment, and unshaken courage, could not escape the penetrating eyes of the directory, who rapidly promoted him to the rank of a general, in which capacity he has proved himself a hero, a lawgiver, and a consummate politician.

Many and various have been the attempts of different writers to describe the qualifications, the propensities, and prevailing passions, of this extraordinary character: but sorry we are to perceive that all of them are more or less tinctured with adulation or resentment; with envy, or overweening praise. F. Desodoard, in his Histoire de la République Françoise, speaks of him as follows:

"No general ever carried farther than Napoleon Bonaparte, extreme valour, presence of mind, skill in manœuvre, and the resources of stratagem. The battles of Lodi and Archola were won by the superiority of his talents. The soldier, persuaded of his superiority, boldly met dangers of which he supposed the importance had been justly estimated; and this daring spirit, by adding to the reputation of the general, rendered the army invincible. As skilful as Frederick the Great in scheming the plan of a campaign, Bonaparte knew better than that monarch how to lead on men to great achievements, by the influence of sentiment. Like Cæsar, he would march at the head of his army, and share the fatigue and food of a soldier. Each might address him as his comrade; and this affability, which softened the harshness of command, gave him such a moral empire over his troops, that they would have followed him every where without hesitation. Hence the unlimited authority

which he enjoyed in Italy, and which no other general has possessed since the Roman emperors."

Difficult indeed is the task of drawing such a portrait in genuine colours, and of tracing its features by the lineaments of impartiality and truth. Few men, if any exist, without particular predilections and aversions; which, when applied to national or personal competitions, render a fair and candid appreciation still more difficult. The writer above referred to, is in the interests of the Emperor Napoleon. The next who has ventured to pourtray his character is an Englishman in Paris, Mr. Thomas Holcroft, who married a French lady, and resided a considerable time on the spot. His delineations in many respects bespeak the hand of a master; and where his colouring is defective, it may be attributed to the difficulty of pourtraying so extraordinary a prince with classical precision. His first enumerates the vices, and then the virtues of his hero.

"It is the turn and concurrence of circumstances that give the powers of man their direction, stamp his character, and reconcile him to courses of action; such even, as he may have once held in abhorrence. In all the ardour of youth, when the intemperate imagination knew not where to rest, before principles had been fixed by experience, yet not 'till after a burning thirst of fame had been excited in him, Bonaparte found that dangerous engine, that implement of human misery, an army, at his command, and prompt to effect whatever purpose his rapid genius should conceive. He soon discovered the necessity there was to give that colouring to events that might produce the effects intended: to conceal, to deceive, to fix the attention on false points, to flatter peasants, to speak to princes in the lofty tone of menace, to spur the soldier to attack by the hopes of plunder, to hang him afterwards for the crime, to promise friendship to the vanquished, and then to raise contributions, and strip them of all they esteemed most precious; these soon became the daily occurrences of his active warfare! Oh, had his genius received another direction, had he been impelled with no less force into the paths of wisdom and benevolence, what a blessing to the world would he have been!

"In Egypt he found a race much more ignorant, more depraved, and therefore still more addicted to the arts of deceit, than in Italy; and he bent all his powers to the task of overcoming them, in every manner. Could they fight? He conquered them as well in valour as in sagacity. Could they mislead, and wear the mask of hypocrisy? Even in this they were not his equals. Still his mighty mind gave public proofs of the warnings and the impulses it received from truth; to the man of discrimination, there are passages in his state papers that show with what force it struck him; and prove his momentary

mentary grandeur of thought. To this hour, changed as he gradually has been, and loaded as his horizon is with the clouds of splenetic ambition, it nevertheless occasionally emits a luminous beam. But the most fatal of all the circumstances which have unfitted him for the task he has assumed to himself, which is no less than that of governing Europe, is, that he has been habituated to the command of armies."

"I have several times," says Mr. Holcroft, "been close to Napoleon; his stature is diminutive, his complexion sallow, and his physiognomy bears those marks that denote the labours of his mind: it is care-worn; but it is also susceptible of great variety. From his atrabilarious complexion, choler might be certainly predicted; but, from the sedateness of his eye, not of that sudden and impetuous kind to which he is so very subject. There are various traits, public and private, that discover this mighty chief to have attempted to copy Alexander while he was in Egypt, Cæsar during his Italian campaigns, and Charlemagne since he has assumed the imperial purple. When traversing the sands of Egypt and Syria, he did not forget the Libyan deserts: Alexander was then his model. He placed a large statue of Cæsar, allowed to be of excellent workmanship, fronting his apartments in the Thuilleries; that he might have it in daily contemplation. Since the addition of Helvetia and Italy to his domain, he has imitated the power of Charlemagne. To sum up with accuracy the various character of this extraordinary personage, is a task to which few men will find themselves adequate. There are two parties, in direct contradiction to each other: and both of them equally violent in assertion. One set of them attribute to him every human excellence: in their eye he is not a man but a deity: another will not allow he ever possessed eminence of talent, discovered a single virtue, or performed one action that can be called great.

"Let those, who affirm that the sagacious Napoleon foresaw all that has been and might be accomplished, planned all that he has achieved, and with power little less than omnipotent insured military conquest and commanded civil triumph, let those partizans inquire whether a mind so capacious could have been betrayed into acts, so many of which are puerile, so many more are absurd, and a still greater number are malevolent and destructive! The nature of true greatness has ever been and ever will be beneficent. If his plans were so truly profound, would not his means be more certain, his course more even, and his end more secure? His taciturnity in private appears to be pride: but, in his public acts, his selfishness is too great to command respect. Power, such as his partisans would have the world believe he possesses, would better understand itself; would act in silence, and strike in the dark; it would pursue the even tenor of its way, and disdain to va-

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pour or to sooth. The excesses of the passions uniformly rob men of their sound judgment, and render them malignant and base.

"To those who will not allow the emperor of France any one great quality, what shall be answered? Let them look into history, and find under whose real or apparent command actions so numerous, and so great, have been performed by a man of feeble mind, irresolute in conduct, and inconsistent in his plans. Let them scrutinize the powers of the mind, and prove, if it be possible, from fact or from deduction, how it should happen in times so dreadfully contentious, that debility could obtain and preserve the rule; could conquer enemies abroad, subvert rivals in power at home, profit by foreign and intestine broils, overawe or reconcile factions, change the capricious destinies of a capricious people to that which despotism calls order, and establish a new dynasty, which, in ages of greater ignorance, would long have continued permanent and beyond controul. Truth is always found between the extremes. Napoleon is an extraordinary man, who has lived in still more extraordinary times. The grand events of these times were many of them military; so, as it happened, was his education, and so were his propensities. Such was the fortuitous favour of circumstances, that they caused him to appear a prodigy. A first campaign elevated him to the rank of a hero, the second showed him a god: he seemed to command events: in reality, they commanded him; they were his creator.

"Early habits had powerfully concurred to fit him for the future accidents under which he became placed: and this predisposition, and these accidents, were further aided by a mind of such ardour, and of such prolific ambition, that he has been hurried through the various gradations which similar minds have travelled; and does and will only differ from them in similarity of fate, as far as circumstances have varied, and shall hereafter vary. Sallow complexion, length of face, a pointed nose, a projecting chin, and prominent cheek bones, have distinguished the countenances of fanatics and persecutors. Fanatics and persecutors were often men of powerful minds, but violent passions; and between such men and the emperor of France, allowing for times and circumstances, in physiognomy, in talents, and in manner of acting, there is great resemblance."

RUINS *of the* CITY *of* VINETI.

IN most of the charts of the Baltic Sea the ruins of the famous city of Vineti are represented under water. Antiquaries believe it took its name from the nation called the Vi-

neti. These ruins lie between the Danish island of Bornholm and of Reigen, opposite Swedish Pomerania. It seems the streets have been laid out, like those of Babylon, at right angles. According to Lubeccius, alderman of Tripton, this ruined city, once on level ground, was viewed by travellers with attention about the year 1564. Amongst other visitors was the then duke of Brunswick and his chaplain. About this time a vessel had come from Gothland, and carried away all the marble and metal then to be found; amongst other things were a pair of very large city gates, made of metal, concerning which existed a popular song. President Keffinbrink tells us, that on the 4th of August, 1771, two Dutch vessels were shipwrecked on the ruins of this city; there were then standing several pillars of white marble or alabaster. The counsellor, M. Jordan, went thither with Commodore Baarts, from S. Swinnesunde, who endeavoured to save the vessels; as the weather was fine, the company went on board, and inspected the pillars, one of which, by the shock, was brought from its vertical position. Some old men declared that they had formerly seen these white pillars above water, and that, in 1760, an English ship was lost on the ruins of Vineti; and on that occasion a gentleman in the neighbourhood went thither to assist the vessel in distress. He said he had discerned two walls of brick, which he supposed were about four feet thick, and sixty or seventy feet asunder; some parts of it reached so high as the surface of the water.

Extracts from the Reports of the Committee for relieving the Distresses in Germany.

(Continued from Page 449.)

Translation of a Letter from a respectable Gentleman in Germany, dated January 19, 1806.

"I Have safely received the value of 300l. in the sum of 3234 florins, and 58 kreuzers. May the Lord, the provider and father of the poor, a thousand times reward all the benefactors for these charitable gifts! Money was never appropriated to better purposes than this; and blessed be the name of the Lord, that he has vouchsafed me to dispense part of this charity; as I myself was so poor in the earlier stages of my life, as to have nothing which I could properly call my own. Permit me now to specify a few cases, in which I have afforded relief:—The first assistance I rendered, was, to a very numerous family of a private gentleman. Respectable as his situation in life is, he had been brought very low by several misfortunes.

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Now the calamities of war were added; all his usual resources failed him, and he saw himself reduced to the very extremity of distress. Deeply oppressed by the heavy burthen of his cares, he rose one morning very early, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed—'O thou Father in Heaven, I know not what to do; but still I trust that thou wilt not leave nor forsake me.' On this very day I became quite unexpectedly acquainted with his distressed situation, and hastened to his relief with the sum of 4l. to the unspeakable joy of the whole family; which having not seen the father the whole of the afternoon, 'till uncommonly late in the night, had been under the most serious apprehensions, lest, in a fit of despair, he might have made away with himself.

"The second gift I sent to the relief of an excellent young man, a silversmith, the son of a pious widow in Heidelberg. But lately he had established himself in business in a small town, of the name of Sinsheim. Last autumn the French marched through it. The general sent for him, he being the only person in the whole town that could speak French. He was obliged to go, and was detained for about three hours. During his absence he had his shop broken open, and his whole property taken; so that he was at once plunged into the abyss of misery. I sent him 5l. though his excellent minister, from whom I daily expect the receipt.—The third gift I sent to a very respectable widow lady. The family had the misfortune of being three times plundered. When a friend visited her, he found her much agitated and quite pale. When she was asked the cause of her anxiety, she answered—'Here you see all I have left!' shewing a penny. Being informed of her distress, I sent 1l. to her friend, with the following lines: 'Please to take the enclosed to the poor lady, whom you have visited and so humanely assisted. Tell her, that this is is sent her by him, who seeth in secret.'

"Since my last, I received the second letter from Mr. Auer, the very same respectable merchant in Ulm, whom I had mentioned before. He writes as follows: 'My highly respected Sir—Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.' This passage struck me very forcibly, when I received your answer to my letter. Indeed, I had felt a very great desire to address you on this subject; but when I happened to mention it to my wife, she would rather have prevented me from writing, observing, she well knew how much you were over-run with petitions from poor persons all over Germany: however, my desire remained the same. I wrote; and when I received your answer, I read it to my wife; we both wept for joy, and blessed God for his gracious direction. But let me now come to the point. I am treasurer of the contributions collected by the mercantile body in Ulm; and all

the reports and lists, both from magistrates and clergymen, specifying the suffering individuals and families, are sent to me. It is expressly stated in these lists, what loss the sufferers have sustained, to what extent, and whether in cattle, furniture, corn, &c. and in continual reference to these lists, a select committee of merchants, assisted by one of the most worthy clergymen of our city, have been appointed to distribute the money; in which distribution, a particular regard is paid to such poor persons, who before, by their industry endeavoured to support themselves, but have now lost the means of support. The sick, the wounded, the aged, are also particularly attended to; and every thing transacted with the utmost conscientiousness. When to any person, or family, a certain portion has been assigned, it falls to my lot, and that of Mr. Niebling, to dispense the charity. The sums which we have already collected, chiefly from mercantile houses in Switzerland, amounts to 5223 florins; and to this would be added, what you might think proper to send us. The above-mentioned sum might appear considerable to you, but when you contemplate the misery around us in its full extent, so far from being able to remove it, it hardly suffices to diminish it to a very small degree. But we do confidently hope, that God will continue to raise up more generous benefactors; as we have been informed, by you, that he has done it, by the establishment of that benevolent society in England.'—After having received this letter, and duly examined its important contents, I determined to send the sum of 100l. to Mr. Auer, to be added to their charitable fund, and dispensed in the manner they have pointed out."

Copy of a Letter from Professor Timæus, in Luneburg, to the Rev. Mr. Schwabe, in London, dated Luneburg, January 19, 1806.

"I have, my dear friend, within these few days been informed, that in London a number of noble-minded friends of humanity have united, to procure some relief to those sufferers in Germany, and particularly in our country, who by the war have been rendered inexpressibly miserable. I understand that already about 2500 dollars have been remitted to Hanover. This information gives, in my mind, birth to the irresistible wish, that our town also might very soon draw some support from this source; and I apply to you to become, in the committee of that society, the advocate of my unhappy fellow citizens, as you are probably acquainted with its existence and views. When you were with us in September last, you were a witness to the hard fate which almost overwhelms us. The French left us (a few thousands excepted, who kept possession of Ha-

meln,) in autumn. Scarcely did we begin to breathe a little more freely, when Russians and Swedes arrived; and their marches continue to this moment. They pay, it is said! but how little is their pay sufficient. For a common soldier, a compensation of four groshen (eightpence) is made, for which he must be kept the whole day. With the present immense price of all provisions, this allowance is not half sufficient; and for fuel, candles, and quarters, nothing is paid.

"The following detail will make you more intimately acquainted with our situation. In order to give to my account more authenticity, I put several questions to our magistrate; and communicate to you the result of my investigation, which you may consider as official. Luneburg has, at the utmost, 11,000 inhabitants, who before the war were very happy. The three principal sources of subsistence—commission trade—the limekilns, and the saltworks—had produced a considerable degree of opulence; the public burthens were inconsiderable, and the taxes light: but the war has ruined us for many generations.

"1. From the month of May, 1803, to the end of December, 1805, about 80,000 men, and 14,000 horses, have, at different times, been quartered with us; all of whom were supported at our expence. Besides the troops passing through (who amount to 300 per month,) we have had since the beginning of the war, upon an average, every month, a garrison of from 3 to 4000 men. The expences of individuals, who have soldiers quartered on them, may be calculated in the following manner:

For an officer, sixteen groshen per day.

For a subaltern officer, eight groshen per day.

For a common soldier, six groshen per day.

If we charge only six groshen per day on each man, upon an average (and how far is this short of the real expence,) the loss of individuals during those thirty-one months, amounts to above half a million of dollars, independently of the taxes.

"2. On account of the great contributions and requisitions, our senate has been obliged to contract a debt of 100,000 dollars, the interest on which is raised by new taxes on our houses. The share of taxes which falls to our town, in common with the whole country, and which the subjects are obliged to raise, is not included even in that sum.

"3. The principal source of subsistence for Luneburg, is the transit-trade; by which the factors, the merchants, clerks, innkeepers, and persons of all trades, as well as a great part of our labourers, are supported. This has, during the above-mentioned period, by the prohibition of the passage of all English goods, fallen to a third of its former extent; and the negative

loss

loss of the town may, at least, be calculated at 300,000 dollars per annum.

" 4. According to public statements, one fourth of the inhabitants of our town must be considered as completely ruined, during those thirty-one months. Nothing is left of their property; they must live on the labour of their hands; and can scarcely do that at present, as no work is to be obtained.

" 5. The number of those who are so completely reduced, that they must be supported out of the public funds, (now almost exhausted,) and by charitable contributions, amounts to nearly 1000 persons. I lately made a small collection for the poor of my quarter of the town: and received, in eight days, not so much as in two hours during the year 1802. The rich are assailed every day; and those who were formerly in good circumstances, can give no more.

" 6. The many millions of debt, that the country inevitably contracted during the last three years, impose upon the inhabitants of Luneburg a heavy proportion of taxes; which must often be extorted with tears, and the sale of the last remaining property. Humanity, justice, and mercy, cease, where the bayonet rules.

" 7. Two very bad harvests add to the causes of distress. In many parts, the farmer has scarcely obtained sufficient for his own consumption. The price of the first necessaries of life, rises every day; and even the calm and courageous observer, foresees a futurity enveloped in a black cloud.

" 8. More dreadful than all this, is the moral corruption and the diseases, that have been brought into our country by the war. Infidelity,—illicit intercourse of the sexes, with all its dreadful consequences,—contempt of the most sacred obligations,—are the melancholy bequests left to us. They are spread, and have taken deep root among the higher and lower classes; and show, even now, symptoms, which must blight for many generations, the noblest hopes of humanity.

" Draw, my dear friend, from all these facts, as melancholy as true, the picture that must be the result of them, and do for our unhappy town what you can. Lay my statement before the committee; and speak, with all the warmth of a friend of humanity, in behalf of my unhappy fellow-citizens. I have long lived among Englishmen; I know and esteem the noble and generous spirit of the nation; I place the greatest confidence in their benevolence; I am even known in many families, and have respectable connections among English scholars. But what you mean to do, do soon; the distress is great. I pledge my honour for a conscientious application; and will, together with our magistrate, transmit receipts, and an account of our proceedings, to the committee.—

You may suppose with what impatience I look forward to your next letter."

Extract of a Letter from the Right Rev. the Abbot of Loccum, to the Rev. Mr. Kueper, dated Hanover, February 1, 1806.

"To convince you that no changes whatever in our public affairs shall induce us to give up our views, or slacken our activity, I send you enclosed a copy of a note, wherein our state ministry fully approve of our committee's plan. Messrs. ——— have acquainted us, that in the course of a few days they will remit to us 6234 Marc Banco, being the value of the 500l. apportioned by your generous committee for the relief of our distressed countrymen.—It is now generally believed that the Russians and Swedes will leave this country immediately, and that the Prussians are to take us under their protection. Most probably the French will then evacuate Hameln, whose inhabitants are in the greatest distress.—May God soon relieve this poor country, and grant, that after so long and unfortunate a period of suffering, we may live quietly and in peace once more. Alas! these sufferings have been very great.

Copy of a Note from the Administration of his Majesty's German Dominions, to the Committee in Hanover for relieving the distressed.

"It having been notified to his majesty's ministry by a memorial, dated the 13th of January, that several patriotic and respectable gentlemen have formed a committee, and intend to open subscriptions for the relief of those of his majesty's Hanoverian subjects who have been ruined under the burthens of the late French occupation. His majesty's ministry feel glad in testifying their most entire approbation of so laudable an intention, and warmly wish that the united humane exertions of those gentlemen may have the most favourable effect.

"Hanover, 29th January, 1806, the Ministers and Privy Counsellors of his Majesty's Hanoverian government.

"(Signed) Von der DECKEN."

(To be continued.)

ANY OTHER TIME WILL DO.

NATURE never says this. She jogs on without delay, and always does her work in season.

The

The parson puts off preparation for Sunday, from Monday to Tuesday, and from Tuesday to Wednesday, and so on to Saturday. He can write a sermon at any time. The first of the week slides away in visits; in business; in amusements; the last of the week is to be devoted to study; but company, a sick parishioner, and twenty unexpected avocations break in upon the reserved part of the week; no preparation is made for the duties of Sunday, until Saturday evening; a genius may yet be tolerably well prepared in a few hours; but how few are the preachers of such genius! Yet even the dull have a resource; an old sermon with a new text is just as good as a fresh-made sermon: True, for how few would know whether they had heard a sermon once or a dozen times. Happy dullness! like people, like priest!

The doctor has a patient in a dangerous situation: he hurries to his relief; he makes no delay. But suppose his patient has a lingering disorder; why, says the doctor, I can visit him at any time. He has assigned an hour indeed when he will see his patient; but any other time will do as well. The patient waits 'till the hour is past; then he becomes impatient; if his disorder is not violent, most probably he is cross and irritable; he frets at the doctor; and ten to one the doctor loses his custom. Then the doctor believes, that no time will do so well as the right time.

The lawyer has several causes in court; he can prepare them for trial at any time. Several causes stand assigned for trial before his; he can finish the pleadings at any time; by some unforeseen accident, business takes a new turn; the court urge forward to complete it; his causes are called, and they are not ready; a nonsuit; a delay; or some other expensive alternative is the consequence.

The farmer's fence is down, and his fields exposed to his neighbour's cattle; but he has a little job to do first; he can repair his fences at any time; before his any time comes, fifty or a hundred sheep got into his field, and eat, and trample down his wheat: for want of an hour's work, he loses ten, fifteen, or twenty bushels of wheat. His apple-trees want pruning; but he must dress his flax before he can do it; warm weather approaches: he will certainly prune his trees in a day or two; but he will finish a little job first; before he has done, the season is past; it is too late to prune his trees; they must go another year; and half his fruit is lost.

The lounging house-wife rises in the morning in haste; for lazy folks are ever in a hurry. She has not time to put on her clothes properly; but she can do it at any time. She draws on her gown, but leaves it half pinned; her handkerchief is thrown awry across her neck; her shoes down at her heels; she bustles about with her hair over her eyes; she runs from

room

room to room slip-shod, resolved to do up the work and dress herself; but folks who are slip-shod about the feet, are usually slip-shod all over the house and all day; they begin every thing, and finish nothing. In the midst of the poor woman's hurry, somebody comes in; she is in a flutter; runs into the next room; pins up her gown and handkerchief; hurries back with her heels thumping the floor; "O dear, you have catched us all in the suds; I intended to have cleaned up before any body came in; but I have had every thing to do this morning;" in the mean time, she catches hold of the broom, and begins to sweep; the dust rises, and stifles every soul present. This is ill manners indeed to brush the dust into a neighbour's face; but the woman is very sorry it happens so.

Many a neighbour has thus been entertained with apologies and dust at a friend's house, and wherever this takes place, depend on it, the mistress puts off to any time, that is, to no time, what ought to be done at the present time.

ANECDOTE *of* BARON DE BESENVAL.

OF this nobleman, so distinguished during the latter years of the late French monarchy, the following characteristic anecdote is recorded. Ringing his bell one morning as he awoke, Blanchard, an old confidential domestic, with whom he had differed on the day preceding, accordingly came to receive his master's orders. "My lord," said Blanchard, entering the baron's room, "I come to ask a favour: it is the permission to retire to my relations." "What," retorted the baron warmly, "you desire to leave me! You will stay, Sir; we ought to live and die together." "No, my lord! I perceive that I become hateful to you: I grow too old; and only excite, by my infirmities, the violence of your temper. You have loaded me with gifts and kindnesses; I will often come to see you: but if I dwell not here, and am no longer entrusted with any thing, we shall both of us escape those scenes that destroy us." "Well, Sir," replied Besenval, with tears in his eyes, "it is then a settled thing? We must part?—You belonged to my father! your wife was my nurse! you are older than I am in the family, and it is *I* who must go: I will return, when *you* can tolerate my failings!" At these words he seized his cane and his hat, hastened from his chamber, and was going out; when instantly the good Blanchard, touched by this unexpected stroke, threw himself at the baron's feet, before his door. His master raised him up, pressed him in his arms: they mutually wept, and swore never to separate.

CURIOUS.

CURIOUS FACT.

THE following fact respecting the nightingale, appears to us so curious and interesting that we think it cannot fail to give pleasure to our readers:

On Whitsunday last, as the Marshfield band of musicians were returning home, late at night, from Bath Easton, where they had attended two clubs, they were, as they approached to Dicknick Hill, saluted by the song of a nightingale; they had the curiosity to take out their instruments, consisting of two French horns, three clarinets, some triangles, a drum, &c. and began to play, as loud as possible, the tune called "The nightingale," in which this melodious bird most heartily joined, and continued to sing, *perfectly in tune*, for near half an hour; she seemed to come near enough to be reached by the hand; and on the band's proceeding, even followed them nearly a quarter of a mile; when they again took out their instruments, and, to their great surprize and delight, on striking up the same tune, were rejoined by this most pleasing little songster.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

THE following incident, related by Mr. Richard Cumberland, in his memoirs of himself, is honourable to his own feelings, and cannot fail to interest every respectable mind.—"My property in the piece (his comedy entitled the West Indian,) was reserved for me with the greatest exactness; and when Mr. Evans, the treasurer, came to my house in Queen Ann-street, in a hackney-coach, with a huge bag of money, he spread it all in gold upon my table, and seemed to contemplate it with a kind of extacy that was extremely droll; and when I tendered him his customary fee, he peremptorily refused it, saying—'he had never paid an author so much before; I had fairly earnt it, and he would not lessen it a single shilling, not even his coach hire?' and in that humour he departed.

"He had no sooner left the room, than one entered it, who was not quite so scrupulous, but quite as welcome. My beloved wife took twenty guineas from the heap, and instantly bestowed them on the faithful servant who had attended on our children; a tribute justly due to her unwearied diligence, and exemplary conduct."

EXTRAORDINARY PETITION.

To the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury.

The humble Petition of Ralph Griffith, Esq. High Sheriff of the County of Flint, for the present Year, 1769, concerning the execution of Edward Edwards, for burglary.

SHEWETH

THAT your petitioner was at great difficulty and expence, by himself, clerks, and other messengers and agents he employed, in journeys to Liverpool and Shrewsbury, to hire an executioner; the convict being a native of Wales, it was almost impossible to procure any of that country to undertake the execution.

Travelling and other expences on that occasion, 15l. 10s.

A man at Salop engaged to do this business.

Gave him, in part of the agreement, 5l. 5s.

Two men for conducting him, and for their search of him on his deserting from them on the road, and charges for inquiring for another executioner, 4l. 10s.—9l. 15s.

After much trouble and expence, John Babbington, a convict in the same prison with Edwards, was, by the means of his wife, prevailed on to execute his fellow prisoner. Gave to the wife 6l. 6s. and to Babbington, 6l. 6s.—12l. 12s.

Paid for erecting a gallows, materials and labour, a business very difficult to be done in that country, 4l. 12s.

For the hire of a cart to convey the body, a coffin, and for the burial, 2l. 10s. and for other assistance, trouble, and petty expences on the occasion, at least 5l.—12l. 2s.

Which humbly hope your lordships will please to allow your petitioner, who, &c.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THIS nobleman was the creature of imagination.—It will perhaps be recollected, that when he was attending high mass at Versailles, on seeing the archbishop elevate the host, and hearing the sudden burst of music which accompanied the solemnity, he exclaimed to Bishop Atterbury, "By heavens! if I were the king of France I would perform that ceremony myself!"—A man of so vivid a fancy was ill-calculated for the labour of metaphysical disquisition.—A brilliant paragraph was to him the elevation of the host; he snatched the beauty, and left truth to shift for itself.

ANECDOTES *of Mr.* JOHN SLEE.

THIS brave man died lately, at Melmerby, in the county of Cumberland. He possessed a most intrepid mind, and his exploits, though they will not, perhaps, be recorded in the page of history, yet, in his native place, have been long looked upon by the honest rustics with much more admiration than the achievements of those in more exalted spheres. He died in his 84th year.

In the rebellion of 1745 our hero greatly distinguished himself. Being at that time one of the trainbands for the county, then lying at Carlisle, he volunteered to go and reconnoitre the rebels, who were approaching Carlisle; having discovered their advanced party below Longtown, he was the very person that took Quarter-master Brand, and brought him prisoner to Carlisle. After the city was surrendered to the enemy, the trainbands were escorted by the rebels to Low Hesket, where Mr. Slee proposed to his companions, unarmed, to fall upon the rebels, and take them prisoners; which proposition, however, they would not agree to. He, therefore, made his escape to Penrith, where he remained until the return of the rebels; and the morning after the action on Clifton Moor, he, with a party of thirteen, agreed to go and visit the scene of action. On their way thither, they discovered three of the rebels wandering in the fields, whom they resolved to take, but, on approaching nearer, their courage failed them; in the mean time the enemy had fled. Mr. Slee immediately pursued them alone, with no other arms than an old sword. The rebels, seeing whom they had to contend with, made a stand, and all three snapped their pieces at him. Wonderful to relate! they all missed fire. Mr. Slee still advancing, rushed in amongst them, made them all prisoners, and brought them to the moothall at Penrith. But Mr. Slee's generosity was equal to his courage; he promised to protect them with his life, and actually fought three battles in their defence.

The fame of this circumstance soon reached the ears of the brave duke of Cumberland, who sent for him, and presented him with a troopership (a very valuable situation at that time), where he continued 'till the regiment was disbanded. Whilst this corps was lying at York, Mr. Slee frequently did duty over the rebel prisoners there. Amongst them was one of the men, whom he took prisoner, as mentioned before. This man was very remarkable for always crying out, when he saw our hero, "Oh! mon, if it had na been for you, I'd no' been here."

Mr. Slee was greatly respected by his neighbours, who hold his memory in veneration. He was the father of the Rev. Mr. Slee, of Melmerby aforesaid.

Answer, by H. Stoneman, of Exeter, to J. O. Zilwood's Rebus, inserted March 31.

RUM is the liquor that you mean,
And RED's the pleasant colour;
Which, if transpos'd, will show quite plain
The horrid crime of MURDER.

*** We have received similar answers from H. Glasson, of Praze; S. C. Moore, of Horswell House; R. Trewavas, of Mousehole; S. L. of Sidmouth; W. Cross, and W. D. of Bristol; Rusticus, near Hembury Fort; W. Bickham, of Ashburton; R. Gidley, junior, of Dean Prior; J. Lewis, of Poole; T. Scadding, of Wellington; J. Scadding, of Wellington; W. Pollard, of Egloshayle; J. S. of Exeter; T. Shandy; Castor: J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Fairweather, Batson, near Kingsbridge! T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. Whittle, of Upway; and W. Varcoe, of Mevagisse.

Answer, by J. S. of Exeter, to W. Sparks's Charade, inserted April 7.

BY fam'd London's o'ergrown city,
There you surely may behold,
A village much esteem'd for beauty,
HAMMERSMITH its name I'm told.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; W. Cross, and W. D. of Bristol; Thomas Coumbs, St. German's; M. Duncan, jun. of Plymouth; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; H. Stoneman, of Exeter; T. Scadding, of Wellington; S. Lawrence, of Sidmouth; William Pollard, of Egloshayle; T. Shandy; H. Glasson, of Praze; J. Fairweather, Batson, near Kingsbridge; J. Whittle, of Upway; and J. Salter, of Broadhembury.

Answer, by E. Nettleton, of Plymouth, to Castor's Anagram, inserted April 14.

YOUR anagram reading one day in my shop,
It rush'd into my mind it was Ashburton POP.

†§† We have received the like answer from J. S. and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; T. Coumbe, of S. German's; J. Whittle, of Upway; Burtoniensis, Brixham; Juvenis, of Occidentalis; J. Fairweather, of Batson, near Kingsbridge; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; S. C. Moore, of Horswell-House; and J. Salter, of Broadhembury.

A CHARADE, *by Polly Pilchard.*

A Little animal that's fond of cheese,
Join'd to his cell, wherein he dwells at ease,
Will name a village on the western coast,
Which can of pilchards, ling, and mackarel boast.

A CHARADE, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

MY first's a title for a youth,
That's found of the male kind;
Reverse a colour much in use,
My second then you'll find.

When toil'd on deck, Jack steps below
To get him some repose:
My whole then surely meets his view,
So now the theme I close.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The BLIGHTED ROSE.

YES, blighted rose! thy reign is o'er,
Doom'd 'neath the chilling blast to pine;
Those beauties now I view no more,
That deck'd thy lovely form divine.
Too early did thy sweets expand,
An emblem sad of quick decay;
Touch'd by the storm's relentless hand,
Soon were thy beauties swept away.

So oft we see the cloudless morn,
Ting'd with aurora's brightest hue,
The landscape fair with gems adorn,
Appearing lovely to the view.
But ere the noontide's glowing beam,
Lo! tow'ring clouds the skies deform;
While Sol scarce sheds a transient ray,
Amidst the black and threat'ning storm.

So oft had I, with pleasure, view'd
The nymph whose love my heart could boast;
Oft gaz'd on her whose charms I lov'd,
But ah! alas! to me she's lost.
To prime scarce reach'd her shorten'd days,
When vain I hop'd her to possess;
Death envious snatch'd the beauteous prize,
Thus fled each visionary bliss.

Clowance. T. RUTGER.

HANNAH.

[From Montgomery's Poems.]

AT fond sixteen my roving heart
Was piere'd by love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd thro' every vein,
I never felt so sweet a pain.

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid:
I stole her hand—it shrunk—but no!
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye,
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, wooes young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

But,

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love:
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon
Should vanish in so dark a noon!

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood, and all his wrath defied;
I stood, tho' whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph; and know not why,
I durst not meet her gentle eye;
I shunn'd her; for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart, with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanc'd, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promis'd happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon peace rebuilt her nest;
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and pleasure smil'd.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way;
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I liv'd my wooing days once more:
And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
My wife, my children, and my cot!

I saw the village steeple rise—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes:
The rural bells rang sweet and clear—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet: all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday:
I met a wedding—stepp'd aside;
It pass'd—my Hannah was the bride!

There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
My heart grew cold—it felt not then;
When shall it cease to feel again?

ADMONITION AGAINST SWEARING.

Addressed to an Officer in the Army.

OH! that the muse might call, without offence,
The gallant soldier back to his good sense!
His temp'ral field so cautious not to lose;
So careless quite of his eternal foes.
Soldier! so tender of thy prince's fame,
Why so profuse of a superior name?
For the king's sake the brunt of battles bear;
But for the King of King's sake—do not SWEAR.